

Turne on the bloody Hounds with heads of Steele,  
And make the Cowards stand aloofe at bay:  
Sell euery man his life as deere as mine,  
And they shall finde deere Deere of vs my Friends.  
God, and S. George, Talbot and Englands right,  
Proper our Colours in this dangerous fight.

*Enter a Messenger that meets Yorke. Enter Yorke  
with Trumpet, and many Soldiers.*

*Yorke.* Are not the speedy scouts return'd againe,  
That dog'd the mighty Army of the Dolphin?

*Mess.* They are return'd my Lord, and giue it out,  
That he is march'd to Burdeaux with his power  
To fight with Talbot as he march'd along.  
By your espials were discovered  
Two mightier Troopes then that the Dolphin led,  
Which ioyn'd with him, and made their march for

*Yorke.* A plague vpon that Villaine Somerser,  
That thus delays my promised supply  
Of horsemen, that were leuied for this siege.  
Renowned Talbot doth expect my ayde,  
And I am lowted by a Traitor Villaine,  
And cannot helpe the noble Cheualier:  
God comfort him in this necessity:  
If he miscarry, farewell Warres in France.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*2. Mess.* Thou Princely Leader of our English strength,  
Neuer so needfull on the earth of France,  
Spurre to the rescue of the Noble Talbot,  
Who now is girdled with a waste of Iron,  
And hem'd about with grim destruction:  
To Burdeaux waslike Duke, to Burdeaux Yorke,  
Else farewell Talbot, France, and Englands honor.

*Yorke.* O God, that Somerser who in proud heart  
Doth stop my Cornets, were in Talbots place,  
So should wee saue a valiant Gentleman,  
By forfeiting a Traitor, and a Coward:  
Mad ire, and wrathfull fury makes me weepe,  
That thus we dye, while remisse Traitors sleepe.

*Mess.* O send some succour to the distrest Lord.

*Yorke.* He dies, we loofe: I breake my warlike word:  
We mourne, France smiles: We loofe, they dayly get,  
All long of this vile Traitor Somerser.

*Mess.* Then God take mercy on braue Talbots soule,  
And on his Sonne yong Iohn, who two houres since,  
I met in trauaile toward his warlike Father;  
This seuen yeeres did not Talbot see his sonne,  
And now they meete where both their lines are done.

*Yorke.* Alas, what ioy shall noble Talbot haue,  
To bid his yong sonne welcome to his Graue:  
Away, vexation almost stoppes my breath,  
That sundred friends greeete in the houre of death.  
*Lucie* farewell, no more my fortune can,  
But curse the cause I cannot ayde the man.  
*Maine, Blois, Poytiers, and Tournes,* are wonne away,  
Long all of Somerser, and his delay. *Exit*

*Mess.* Thus while the Vulture of sedition,  
Feedes in the bosome of such great Commanders,  
Sleeping neglectiō doth betray to losse:  
The Conquest of our scarfe-cold Conqueror,  
That euer-living man of Memorie,  
*Henrie the fift:* Whiles they each other crosse,  
Liues, Honours, Lands, and all, hurrie to losse.

*Enter Somerser with his Armie.*

*Som.* It is too late, I cannot send them now:  
This expedition was by Yorke and Talbot,  
Too rashly plotted. All our generall force,  
Might with a fall of the very Towne  
Be buckled with: the ouer-daring Talbot  
Hath sullied all his glosse of former Honor  
By this vnheedfull, desperate, wilde aduenture:  
*Yorke* set him on to fight, and dye in shame,  
That Talbot dead, great *Yorke* might beare the name.

*Cap.* Heere is Sir *William Lucie*, who with me  
Set from our ore-matcht forces forth for ayde.

*Som.* How now Sir *William*, whether were you sent?  
*Luc.* Whether my Lord, from bought & sold *L. Talbot*,  
Who ring'd about with bold aduersitie,  
Cries out for noble Yorke and Somerser,  
To beate assaying death from his weake Regions,  
And whiles the honorable Captaine there  
Drops bloody sweet from his warre-wearied limbes,  
And in aduantage lingring lookes for rescue,  
You his false hopes, the trust of Englands honor,  
Keepe off aloofe with worthless emulation:  
Let not your priuate discord keepe away  
The leuied succours that should lend him ayde,  
While he renowned Noble Gentleman  
Yeeld vp his life vnto a world of oddes.  
Orleance the Bastard, *Charles, Burgundie*,  
*Alanson, Reignard*, compass him about,  
And Talbot perishesth by your default.

*Som.* Yorke set him on, Yorke should haue sent him  
ayde.

*Luc.* And Yorke as fast vpon your Grace exclaimes,  
Swearing that you with-hold his leuied host,  
Collected for this expedition.

*Som.* York lyes: He might haue sent, & had the Horse:  
I owe him little Dutie, and lesse Loue,  
And take foule scorn to fawne on him by sending.

*Luc.* The fraud of England, not the force of France,  
Hath now intrapt the Noble-minded Talbot:  
Neuer to England shall he beare his life,  
But dies betraid to fortune by your strife.

*Som.* Come go, I will dispatch the Horsemen strait:  
Within fixe houres, they will be at his ayde.

*Luc.* Too late comes rescue, he is tane or slaine,  
For flye he could not, if he would haue fled:  
And flye would Talbot neuer though he might.

*Som.* If he be dead, braue Talbot then adieu.

*Luc.* His Fame liues in the world. His Shame in you. *Exit.*

*Enter Talbot and his Sonne.*

*Tal.* O yong Iohn Talbot, I did send for thee  
To tutor thee in stratagems of Warre,  
That Talbots name might be in thee reui'd,  
When saplesse Age, and weake vnable limbes  
Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chaire.  
But O malignant and ill-boading Starres,  
Now thou art come vnto a Feast of death,  
A terrible and vnaoyded danger:  
Therefore deere Boy, mount on my swiftest horse,  
And Ie direct thee how thou shalt escape  
By sodaine flight. Come, dally not, be gone.

*Iohn.* Is my name Talbot? and am I your Sonne?

*Shall*

And shall I flye? O, if you loue my Mother,  
Disshonor not her Honorable Name,  
To make a Bastard, and a Slaue of me:  
The World will say, he is not Talbots blood,  
That basely fled, when Noble Talbot stood.

*Tal.* Flye, to reuenge my death, if I be slaine.

*Iohn.* He that flyes so, will ne're returne againe.

*Tal.* If we both stay, we both are sure to dye.

*Iohn.* Then let me stay, and Father doe you flye:

Your losse is great, so your regard should be;

My worth vnknowne, no losse is knowne in me.

Vpon my death, the French can little boast;

In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.

Flight cannot stayne the Honor you haue wonne,

But mine it will, that no Exploit haue done:

You fled for Vantage, euery one will sweare:

But if I bow, they'll say it was for feare.

There is no hope that euer I will stay,

If the first howre I shrinke and run away:

Here on my knee I begge Mortalitie,

Rather then Life, preferu'd with Infamie.

*Tal.* Shall all thy Mothers hopes lye in one Tombe?

*Iohn.* I rather then Ie shame my Mothers Wombe.

*Tal.* Vpon my Blessing I command thee goe.

*Iohn.* To fight I will, but not to flye the Foe.

*Tal.* Part of thy Father may be sau'd in thee.

*Iohn.* No part of him, but will be shame in mee.

*Tal.* Thou neuer hadst Renowne, nor canst not lose it.

*Iohn.* Yes, your renowned Name: shall flight abuse it?

*Tal.* Thy Fathers charge that cleare thee from y<sup>e</sup> flaine.

*Iohn.* You cannot witnesse for me, being slaine.

If Death be so apparant, then both flye.

*Tal.* And leaue my followers here to fight and dye:

My Age was neuer tainted with such shame.

*Iohn.* And shall my Youth be guiltie of such blame?

No more can I be seuered from your side,

Then can your selfe, your selfe in twaine diuide:

Stay, goe, doe what you will, the like doe I;

For liue I will not, if my Father dye.

*Tal.* Then here I take my leaue of thee, faire Sonne,

Borne to eclipse thy Life this afternoone:

Come, side by side, together liue and dye,

And Soule with Soule from France to Heauen flye. *Exit.*

*Alarum: Excursions, wherein Talbots Sonne  
is hemm'd about, and Talbot  
rescues him.*

*Tal.* Saint George, and Victory; fight Souldiers, fight:  
The Regent hath with Talbot broke his word,  
And left vs to the rage of France his Sword.  
Where is Iohn Talbot? pause, and take thy breath,  
I gaue thee Life, and rescu'd thee from Death.

*Iohn.* O twice my Father, twice am I thy Sonne:

The Life thou gau'st me first, was lost and done,

Till with thy Warlike Sword, despight of Fate,

To my determin'd time thou gau'st new date.

*Tal.* When fro the Dolphins Crest thy Sword struck fire,

It warm'd thy Fathers heart with proude desire

Of bold-fac't Victorie. Then Leaden Age,

Quickn'd with Youthfull Spleene, and Warlike Rage,

Beat downe *Alanson, Orleance, Burgundie*,

And from the Pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.

The irefull Bastard *Orleance*, that drew blood

From thee my Boy, and had the Maidenhood

Of thy first fight, I soone encountred,

And interchanging blowes, I quickly shed

Some of his Bastard blood, and in disgrace  
Bespoke him thus: Contaminated, bale,  
And mis-begotten blood, I spill of thine,  
Meane and right poore, for that pure blood of mine,  
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my braue Boy.

Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,

Came in strong rescue. Speake thy Fathers care:

Art thou not wearie, Iohn? How do'st thou fare?

Wilt thou yet leaue the Battaile, Boy, and flie,

Now thou art seal'd the Sonne of Chualrie?

Flye, to reuenge my death when I am dead,

The helpe of one stands me in little stead.

Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,

To hazard all our liues in one small Boat.

If I to day dye not with Frenchmens Rage,

To morrow I shall dye with mickle Age.

By me they nothing gaine, and if I stay,

'Tis but the shortning of my Life one day.

In thee thy Mother dyes, our Households Name,

My Deaths Reuenge, thy Youth, and Englands Fame:

All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;

All these are sau'd, if thou wilt flye away.

*Iohn.* The Sword of Orleance hath not made me smart,

These words of yours draw Life-blood from my Heart.

On that aduantage, bought with such a shame,

To saue a paltry Life, and slay bright Fame,

Before yong Talbot from old Talbot flye,

The Coward Horse that beares me, fall and dye:

And like me to the pelant Boyes of France.

To be Shames scorne, and subiect of Mischance.

Surely, by all the Glorie you haue wonne,

And if I flye, I am not Talbots Sonne.

Then talke no more of flight, it is no boot,

If Sonne to Talbot, dye at Talbots foot.

*Tal.* Then follow thou thy desp'rate Syre of Creer,

Thou *Icarus*, thy Life to me is sweet:

If thou wilt fight, fight by thy Fathers side,

And commendable prou'd, let's dye in pride. *Exit.*

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter old  
Talbot led.*

*Tal.* Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone.

O, where's yong Talbot? where is valiant Iohn?

Triumphant Death, smear'd with Captiuitie,

Yong Talbots Valour makes me smile at thee.

When he perceiu'd me shrinke, and on my Knee,

His bloodie Sword he brandisht ouer mee,

And like a hungry Lyon did commence

Rough deeds of Rage, and sterne Impatience:

But when my angry Guardant stood alone,

Tendring my ruine, and assayl'd of none,

Dizzie-ey'd Furie, and great rage of Heart,

Suddenly made him from my side to start

Into the clust'ring Battaile of the French:

And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench

His ouer-mounting Spirit; and there di'de

My *Icarus*, my Blossome, in his pride.

*Enter with Iohn Talbot, borne.*

*Seru.* O my deare Lord, loe where your Sonne is borne.

*Tal.* Thou antique Death, which laugh'st vs here to scorn,

Anon from thy insulting Tyrannie,

Coupled in bonds of perpetuities

Two Talbots winged through the lither Skie,

In thy despight shall scape Mortalitie.

O